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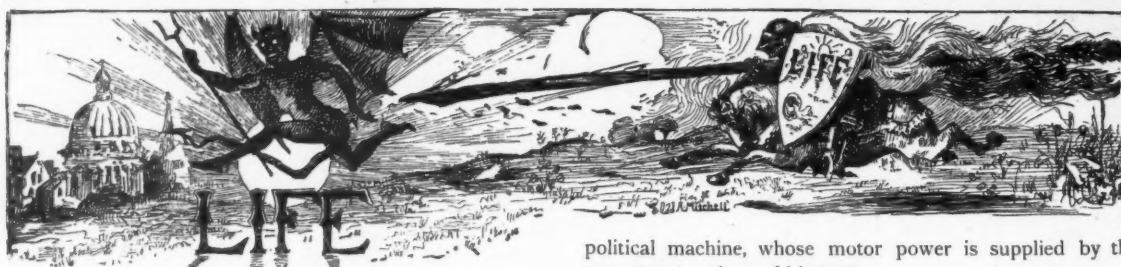
AMERICANVS
SVM.
ISSUED
EVERY
WEDNESDAY
Ten Cents
a Copy.



A LITTLE LAY.

Bachelor B. : WHY, MARY, THAT'S A VERY SMALL EGG !

Mary : YES, SIR, IT IS ; BUT IT WAS ONLY LAID THIS MORNING, SIR.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. X. DECEMBER 22, 1887. No. 260.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., \$1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII. and IX. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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THE *Voice* claims that the Prohibition army is gaining new recruits in all parts of the country. Incredible as it may appear, a late report of the World's Medical Congress justifies the statement. Its statistics show that insanity in the United States is increasing at the rate of seven per cent. per annum.

Unfortunately, in the sober schemes presented for the care of lunatics, no provision has been made for Prohibitionists. The Prohibitionist is treated with cold and inhuman neglect. Although his face betrays great potentialities of varied emotion, and he flits nervous and shuttle-like through the busy and crowded haunts of men, he is left to his own conceits and subtle, self-entangling devices. Cold water fails to relieve his paroxysms. Tea only aggravates his humor. At the suggestion of a cure for the malady that is destroying the cellular tissues of his brain, the expert demurely shakes his head. The only conclusion is that his disease is incurable.

WATER is a good enough thing in its way. In Noah's time it drowned fanatics and fools; but it has never been known to turn the crank of a political machine. Politics and rum are interdependent forces, but politics and prohibition are alliterative, and nothing more. Besides, cold-water men are at loggerheads as to the best methods of temperance legislation; and while trouble is brewing in their ranks, beer is brewing in the camp of the enemy. We shudder to think of the evil that would befall the world were water an intoxicant. Would not the Prohibitionist come reeling home at night in a soggy condition, with a bottle in his hip-pocket and a red nose to light him through the gloom; and would he not fumble for the keyhole and pray for a second deluge to descend upon the earth? As it is he can only become drop-sical. In his hydropic state he dreams of political reform. And the airy fabric of his dream is materialized into a huge

political machine, whose motor power is supplied by the aqueous secretions of his brain.

The female advocate of Prohibition has an angular figure, is somewhat sallow from the excessive use of tea, and carries a leather bag in her hand as she enters the stage. One of her favorite methods of fighting the fiery demon Alcohol lies in distributing temperance tracts, which wicked men utilize in cleaning lamp-chimneys and lighting their corn-cob pipes. She is less concerned about the adulteration of beer with picrotoxina than with the soul-destroying effects of pudding sauce flavored with wine. In her delirium she calls upon the mothers of the land to turn the spigots in beer saloons, and is possessed with the Pentecostal idea of converting the world to Prohibition in a single day.

We cannot prohibit lunacy. Therefore we must submit to its gabble and trust to such influences as education and common sense for real temperance reform. In the survival of the fittest the Prohibitionist will probably get left. We have a suspicion that he will ultimately die of water on the brain.

* * *

THE Hon. James G. Blaine, President Depew and Mr. James Russell Lowell have every reason to feel mortally offended at the Prince of Wales, which Royal personage has given them the cut direct by presenting a gold watch to the Hon. John Laurence Sullivan. It is true that the Prince gave a dinner to Depew, an audience to Blaine, and two fingers of his left hand on several occasions to our late Minister at the Court of St. James; but the best gift of all, a solid, tangible ticker, with the Prince's love attached, is, in a commercial sense, worth all three of the other Royal favors. It is no wonder that Mr. Blaine is bellicose, that Mr. Lowell thinks the Prince fat, and that Mr. Depew is anxious to get the heir-apparent over here to ride an American railroad.

It hurts a man's feelings to get within reach of the Typical-American belt and get left at the last minute, and if he thirsts for revenge we must admit that he has as strong reason for his dryness as has the most ardent Prohibitionist.

* * *

MAYOR HEWITT proposes to abolish the Board of Aldermen. He is of the opinion that either the City Fathers or the Mayor should go. We agree with Mr. Hewitt to a certain extent, and with an amendment to his Aldermanic Abolishment bill we will support the measure heartily.

The amendment provides for the abolition of the Mayoralty as well as of the Board of Aldermen. As a substitute for the Mayor's office we suggest a Bureau of Correspondence, which, if properly managed, could do even more work than any mayor we ever had.



AT THE MUSEUM.

Mrs. N—: MY DEAR, I WISH YOU TO OBSERVE THIS BEAUTIFUL STATUE OF APOLLO; AND THIS IS HIS WIFE, APOLINARIS.

A BIRTHDAY RHYME.

ONE-AND-TWENTY years may seem an age
To you ; to me they're but the opening page
Of a fair life. Who cannot read the tale
From that one page? Good fortune will not fail
Her who, at one-and-twenty, wins all hearts
And doesn't know it — very art of arts!

A COARSE BAPTIST.

A CERTAIN reverend gentleman, at the recent conference of Baptist ministers, advised Mr. Anthony Comstock to proceed against this journal for the indecency of its cover, and said, "Those dancing figures on the title-page of LIFE are lewd pictures, and they suggest lewd thoughts."

Now, this is a confession that reflects rather seriously upon our reverend friend. We have been laboring under the impression that Mr. Anthony Comstock possessed the nastiest mind in New York, but for imaginative licentiousness, so to speak, the Rev. Dr. W. F. Taylor is a close competitor. If the title-page of this journal suggests such a wealth of lewdness to this gentleman's most receptive mind, he had better change his diet or subscribe to some other periodical. As for the high priest of suggestion, Mr. Anthony Comstock, we are ready for his "proceeding" at any time he may select, and shall enjoy nothing better than a larger share of his attention. If we fail to stir this gentleman up a little when the ball begins, or to strike one or two square blows for art and honest decency, we promise to get some trousers for the "lewd figures" that decorate our cover. These men do much to make a thing indecent when once they open the sluiceways of their minds upon it.



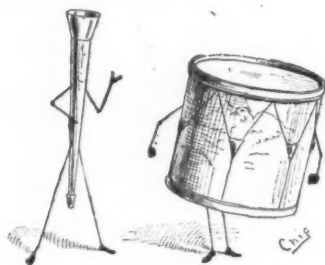
HER FIRST CAKE.





THE HEMLOCK'S LAMENT.

THE Hemlock tree in the forest afar
Doth tremble to see the Eastern star;
He knows that the season of peace and good-will
For him bringeth naught but that which is ill.
It makes him feel sad to think that his death
Brings gladness and mirth, "but, really," he saith,
"When I think of the canine made into mince-pie,
The cotton plush sealskin—oh, mis'erable lie!—
The candies all painted, which ne'er, I opine,
Saw aught of the pure southern cane saccharine,
And many things else in all parts of the nation,
All more or less made up of base imitation,
I rejoice that I go to the feast as I am,
And for my hard fate, I care not a dam.—
This dam, by the way, is by no means profane;
To use such expressions were ever most vain.
The kind I've employed is that known to the thinker
As the harmless old dam that belongs to the tinker."



Tin Horn: HELLO, DRUM, I HEAR
THAT YOU'VE BEEN BEATEN?
Drum: OH, YOU BE BLOWED!

THE difference between Jay Gould and the milkman is
that while they both water their stock, the milkman
always milks his first.

ACCORDING to London *Truth*, the Queen has written
privately to the Emperor William, strongly urging
that an arrangement should at once be made to afford a
liberal provision for the Crown Princess and her younger
children in the event of the death of the Emperor and Crown
Prince, as, if they died now, she would be left in very
moderate circumstances.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the Emperor will accede
to Her Majesty's suggestion. It would be tough if the
Princess Royal were to be thrown on the tender mercies of
her cold, cold maternal ancestor.

THE *World* still circulates. It turns and turns, and yet
again returns.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD writes to the London *Athe-
neum* requesting it to announce that he will not visit
America this year.

Good! We shall have time to get our coast defences in
order.

A POSSIBLE use for the surplus might be to buy Ireland
from England, give her home rule, and turn her
loose again.

It would eliminate the green from American politics—a
consummation devoutly to be wished, and easily worth the
"balance on hand."

THE presence of Messrs. Blaine, Gould and Sullivan in
Europe at this time is said to have caused great appre-
hension in the breast of the King of Bulgaria. With Blaine
for King, Gould for a Budget, and Sullivan for a standing
army, the Bulgarian future would be surpassingly brilliant,
and Ferdinand does well to tremble for his throne.

REV. MR. BERRY declines the call extended him by
the late Mr. Beecher's congregation.

Now let us see if Plymouth Church cannot scare up a
modicum of intellect in this country. If the average English
clergyman is anything like E. Walpole Warren, the sooner a
prohibitory tariff is placed on such raw materials, the better.

THE term "hypercritical," as applied to art critics, must
not be confounded with hypocritical as referring to the
art censors of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to
Vice.

SANTA CLAUS states that the modern chimney soots
him just as well as the old-time kiln that used to lead
down to the great open fireplaces where our ancestors
cooked their steers whole.

IT is interesting to read in the papers that the Aqueduct
commissioners are receiving bids for a new dam for
Sodom. We shall watch carefully to see if Gomorrah is
equally well looked after.

WE trust that the latest statement that the Crown
Prince may recover is based on reason. We greatly
fear, however, that the case is hopeless. If the Prince will
not submit to a general amputation of the doctors he must
succumb.



Robert (who has been sent over for the fifth time to find out how Mrs. Brown is): ALL RIGHT, MA, SHE'S DEAD.

AN INTERVIEW.

“MR. REID, what do you think of the President's attitude respecting immigration?”

“I had not heard that he had expressed an opinion.”

“Yes; he says immigration should be restricted.”

“You surprise me. I did think there was a limit to his depravity. He would restrict immigration, eh! Well, well, I never thought that the principles for which Lincoln fought and Foraker bled would——”

“I beg your pardon, Mr. Reid. I should have said he favors unrestricted immigration.”

“The villain! Does he not know that unrestricted immigration means the ruin of American labor? Is he not aware that unrestricted immigration will bring the scum of Europe to our shores? Does he not know that——”

At this moment a note, saying that the stock of Rebellion editorials had given out, was dropped through the trap-door and the editor's attention was required elsewhere.

It is believed, however, that the *Tribune* is opposed to the President's views whatever they are.



A FRIEND INDEED.

Irate Mother: HAVE YEZ SEEN MY SON TERENCE THIS DAY?

Friend in Need: YES'M; I SEEN HIM AT SUNDAY SCHOOL. HIS TEACHER WUZ A GIVIN' HIM A TICKET FOR BEIN' GOOD, AN' I GUESS HE MUST HA' LOST IT AN' IS A HUNTIN' FOR IT.

ABOUT this season of the year, you will notice that the Eastern girl wears a very jealous expression when she cracks her jokes about the size of the Western girl's stockings.

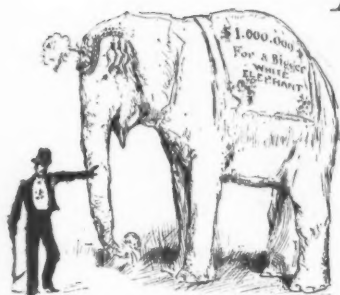
HER ANSWER.

SHE asked for time her choice to make ;
I gave consent for her sweet sake :
For weeks I waited for her word
To free me from my fears absurd.

My heart beat high with joy and hope,
As quick I seized the envelope ;
Alas, alas, for my regards !
Her answer was — their wedding cards.

E. W.

THE ELEPHANT WITH A WILL.



AN elderly Elephant uptown took unto himself a young and handsome wife, to the great discomfiture of numbers of his relatives who, with more or less decency, were awaiting his departure for the other world.

"I think it is scandalous," said a sister of the Elephant, "that at your time of life you should find it necessary to bring a young woman into your house,

when there are so many of your own people who would be only too glad to cheer your declining days."

"That's just what's the matter," said Mr. Elephas with a smile, "only too glad to cheer my declining days. I haven't got any declining days to cheer. When they come round I'll think about it."

Then the relatives, in the usual amiable manner of their kind, went to young Mrs. Elephas, and informed her that she must never cross the old man; he had an iron will that never could be broken.

However, they lived along happily and one day she mentioned the matter to him.

"So I *have* a will that can't be broken," he replied; "and it is all in your favor. That's what's the matter with my good friends."

A NEW style of carving-knife has been invented, which works on the plan of scissors. If it can find the joint in the leg of a duck, we'll agree to buy one and join the church.



SOMETHING ABOUT A LITTLE-KNOWN WRITER.

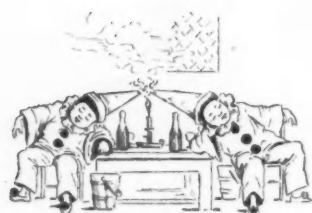
THERE is an ingenuous quality about the stories of P. Deming which, with their simple pathos, has won for him a small circle of readers in whose admiration there is a strong personal element. And yet his own personality is unusually vague even among those who can generally tell you something about the most obscure writers. The author of "Adirondack Stories," and "Tompkins and Other Folks," (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), has been shy of public recognition. One who has recently visited him was charmed by the modest writer. He is a bachelor of sixty, perhaps—a well-preserved man of medium height. His strong and clean-shaven face is pale and thoughtful, and somewhat wrinkled with years. His countenance betokens meditation and a calm and even tenor of life. From his forehead his long gray hair is brushed straight back. His voice is low and melodious, almost an undertone. The impression one receives from him is that he has kept much of the sunshine of life throughout an uneventful career during which he has been thrown on his mental resources for solace and companionship.

* * *

BY profession he is a stenographer. Even in his student days at Vermont University, in Burlington, he was an expert writer of short-hand. Among the students there in 1860 he was considered an authority in literary matters, and was then a devout reader of Shakespeare. His story of "Tompkins" is founded on his student life, though he says the hero of it is an ideal creation, and not a portrait. For many years Mr. Deming has lived in Albany, where he was until recently court-reporter. But literature has been his recreation and comfort. The two small volumes of short stories which he has published show a narrow experience of life but a deep insight into the heart. They have an unworldly quality like the "Twice-told Tales."

The author resides in Albany, most of the year in lodgings, leading a quiet, studious life; but he is in no sense a recluse. He has warm friends who delight in his quaint and sincere personality. In summer he goes to a farm-house

A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.





OUR ADVICE.

near Malone, N. Y., on the verge of the Adirondack wilderness. There he lives with his brother and delights in the hills and lakes which he has so affectionately pictured in his stories.

A FEW weeks ago he came down to New York to the Authors' Readings, and found some appreciative friends among the distinguished men on the platform. Those who delight in clear, limpid prose have long known his work and read with pleasure the little of it that has seen the light. But to the mass of intelligent and well-read people in that assemblage his name was practically unknown.

He has not knocked at the doors of fame with insistent clamor; he has not published a new volume every year, filled with an affected knowledge of the world; as Mr. Henry James would say, he is thoroughly provincial. True is it that breadth of view, and knowledge and experience of life are admirable qualities in a writer; but when gained at the sacrifice of sincerity, depth of feeling and simplicity of style, they are a heavy burden for an author to carry.

So it is that there are a goodly number who hope that Mr. Deming, in the serene afternoon of life, will continue to write his unambitious stories, which, even when touched with melancholy, are gracious and comforting.

Droch.

PRODIGES.

THERE is a boy in Yonkers, seven years of age, who can blow by ear any tin horn in the market.

* * *

MR. ALBERT VON KONIGSBERGER KRAUTZ, a recently acquired citizen of this country, has a little daughter, ten years of age, who recently played the hose on the piano, entirely without notes.

* * *

A TEN-MONTHS-OLD baby in Augusta, Maine, cries hysterically every time she hears "Sweet Violets." Such critical judgment is wonderful at this age.

* * *

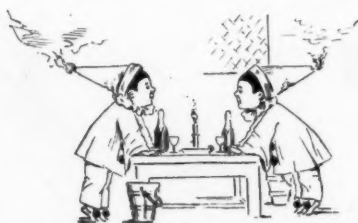
A PHILADELPHIA boy, Charley Hoffenberg by name, a lad of six, can play one of Chopin's waltzes so that the musical enthusiast cannot tell it from the "Boulanger March."

* * *

IT is said of Wagner that when two weeks old he yelled three acts of "Siegfried" in an evening.

* * *

A MEMBER of the Senior class at Vassar College played the "Battle of Prague" from beginning to end seventeen times in a half hour, last Tuesday evening. This beats the record by seven bars.





THE EDUCATION C



AMERICAN GIRL.



DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

I want to make a protest through your valuable paper on a subject which I consider vitally interesting to the community at large, and especially to that branch of it to which I have the honor of belonging.

I am, Mr. Editor, what the newspapers call "prominent in society circles." I made my debut a year ago, at the age of eighteen, and I was called "a rosebud," "a blushing debutante," "a 'star-eyed beauty,'" and, oh! so many nice things.

Now, last night I went to the Star Theatre to see little Miss Julia Marlowe in "Romeo and Juliet." I am not ashamed to say, Mr. Editor, that I had never seen the play before, because mamma had brought us up so strictly that she never allowed us to see plays which dealt with love, and never permitted us to read any works but those of Miss Edgeworth, which she always considered as elevating in their tone. Of course, we cordially hated being elevated, but, as weaker vessels, we were obliged to submit.

The protest which I wish to make is against the production of such a play as "Romeo and Juliet," which, in my opinion, dear Mr. Editor, simply annihilates all the wholesome lessons that I, and girls like me, have learned.

Imagine our being asked to sympathize with a woman who appears in a wrapper at the dead of night and positively asks a young man, whom she has only seen a few hours before, his intentions.

You can readily see the danger to society that such a nauseating scene threatens. No one but a girl's father has the right to interrogate a suitor on such a subject. Why, the very rudiments of etiquette are attacked by that sickening *Juliet*. I could hardly restrain myself from calling out to her "you horrid, forward thing, you presumptuous minx!"

And then she allows him to wish he were a glove that he might press her hand. If a man dared to say such a thing to me, I should box his ears. Of course all women like compliments, but no sensible girl cares to see a man make a fool of himself.

Juliet is certainly supposed to have lived hundreds of years ago, but that doesn't make any difference, in my opinion. I do not want to see a girl forget the usages of society, because she may have done so in Mr. Shakespeare's time, any more than I should care to view a party of young men clad in nothing but blue paint, because the ancient Britons were partial to such a shameful costume.

Juliet was an Italian girl, but Miss Marlowe did not make that apparent. She merely impressed me with the horrible idea that, in

cold blood, she was deliberately throwing herself at an impudent young jackanapes.

Had they been properly introduced? Not a bit of it! Why, *Juliet's* mamma did not even visit in *Romeo's* mamma's set. Really, the more I think of the play the more preposterous I find it to be for a nineteenth century audience.

I shall not let my sisters see "Romeo and Juliet." Oh, no! Their training shall not be ruined, if I can help it.

Please make this protest public. It will be a good work, Mr. Editor, and I know you love doing good deeds.

Phæbe.

There is reason for Phæbe's protest. Miss Julia Marlowe certainly was not Shakespeare's heroine. She acted in cold blood a part that in Adelaide Neilson's hands was entirely comprehensible. There was nothing out of the way in Miss Neilson's sudden demonstration of love for *Juliet*. Miss Marlowe made it painfully extraordinary. Yet she is a clever little lady, and her *Parthenia* is one of the prettiest things I have seen. Miss Marlowe at the Star Theatre was hampered with a hysterical *Romeo* and a horrible stage setting.

Alan Dale.

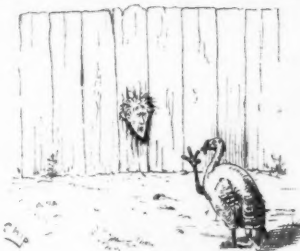
BY the way, Mr. Comstock, would you not do well to investigate Harper's caricatures of the Tweed Ring? They were exceedingly Nast-y.

RESTRICT IMMIGRATION.

THE Rev. E. Walpole Warren should take Anthony Comstock and go to some oasis in the Desert of Sahara. He sees the same objections to dancing that Anthony sees in works of art.

Is it not time for the law to take cognizance of the sin of suggestion, so as to get these two worthies into the toils? Men whose trade it is to go about suggesting impurity where it never could find place without their intervention are surely as vicious enemies to public decency as the vender of paintings wherein the pants and tailor-made garment are conspicuous by their absence.

Go home, Rev. E. Walpole Warren. You have no business here, anyhow; you were an assisted emigrant, Reverend and suggestive sir, and in coming here you made a law-breaker of your whole congregation. Go home and make room for some poor devil of an Italian, who, while he may be more or less of a bandit, and fitted for nothing but work on the subway, is, nevertheless, nothing of a hypocrite, and has a mind which never reverts to unholy thoughts when he sees a young man and young woman tripping the light fantastic toe.



THE TURKEY WHO DOESN'T BELIEVE IN CHRISTMAS.



WISDOM LET LOOSE •

WHAT THEY THINK OF THE MESSAGE.

WITH its accustomed enterprise, LIFE dispatched one reporter and a fox terrier to interview the prominent citizens of this country on the subject of the President's Message as soon as Mr. Cleveland had given it to the public.

The results are briefly as follows:

Mr. Blaine, who was first seen in Paris, remarked that the President was all wrong. He differed radically with his views concerning tobacco, whiskey and clothing. Tobacco should not be taxed because it suffered greatly from consumption and was unable to stand too great a strain. Besides, tobacco was a necessity to the hard-worked miner in the coal country, whose vote Mr. Blaine hoped to get next time. Whiskey should be taxed. Whiskey—that is good whiskey—Mr. Blaine had learned from his drinking friends, was strong enough to support a large family of taxes, and besides this, if whiskey were free, one of the greatest standbys of the candidate for office would be

practically destroyed as a persuasive measure, and Mr. Blaine was of the notion that candidates for office had rights as well as other people.

Regarding wool, Mr. Blaine contended that if Mr. Comstock could be eliminated or drowned the people might recognize the unalterable fact that clothing was a luxury. Adam and Eve did not have it and felt no need for it, and for his part Mr. Blaine believed in Republican simplicity from the word go. Again, Mr. Blaine contends if clothing were taxed to such an extent that a man like Berry Wall could not afford to wear nineteen pairs of trousers at once it would largely encourage the Typical-American industry. As it was, Mr. Blaine himself suffered in this respect by being forced to exert his brain to an undue extent, so that Mr. Wall should not drive him out of his own fireside column in the newspapers.

Mr. John Laurence Sullivan, of Boston, was found lunching with the Queen at Windsor. He was of the opinion that while the President's muscles were rather soft he would acknowledge that in the matter of the tariff, he could knock him, Sullivan, out in two-thirds of a round.

Palsy Fairchild expressed himself of the opinion that the Message showed that his curse had been somewhat delayed or overlooked by



BRILLIANT.

First Gilded Youth: THERE GOES THAT BROWN, WHO IS CONSTANTLY TAKEN FOR ME. WONDER WHAT'S THE REASON; HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ME IN THE LEAST.

Second Ditto: NO, THAT'S SO, BUT THEN YOU MAY LOOK LIKE HIM, DON'T CHER KNOW.

A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.

Mrs. O'Toole having decided to start into business as a Receiver, interviews a second-hand dealer with a view to the purchase of an appropriate sign.



THE PURCHASE.



THE DISPLAY.

the authorities. He could not account for this, but was in hopes that if the palsy had not yet arrived at the White House, measles might set in before another message was sent forth.

Anthony Comstock believed that Mr. Cleveland should be indicted for setting forth so many bare facts.

Mr. Foraker, while he still regretted that Mrs. Cleveland should have seen fit to snub him at Philadelphia, believed that the President was trying to do what he conceived to be the right thing. He could not imagine why the President did not suggest the propriety of using the surplus up in fighting the Rebellion all over again, because Jefferson Davis uses a small silk American flag for a pocket-handkerchief.

Mr. Sunset Cox had but one criticism to make, which was that the Message was deficient in humor. A few jokes, like the absence of point to the war tacks, or an allusion to the unexpected pleasure of finding a surplus after the Republican party went out of the Treasury, or even a jest on the subject of coast defenses now that the toboggan chuting galleries were about to open, Mr. Cox thought, would have enlivened the even tenor of the message's tedium.

Ex-Governor Butler admitted that the President did very well as far as he went, but the ex-Governor thought that the Presidency required a man who could look on both sides of a question at once, and that, until we had such a person in the White House, Presidential messages must be more or less one-sided. When asked who he thought possessed such peculiarities of vision, the General modestly avowed that he was so often misreported that he did not care to speak of himself.

Other opinions, of more or less importance, were expressed, but we think we have given a sufficient number above to demonstrate the significant fact that wherever in this broad land Mr. Cleveland's views have not been bitterly assailed they have met with cordial support. We do not think we prophecy too much when we say that if Mr. Cleveland secures a majority in the next electoral college he will succeed himself in the White House.

Carlyle Smith.

BETWEEN the deadly coal schooner on the high seas, and the Bowery beer schooner ashore, it looks as if our navy would be exterminated if prompt measures of defense are not taken.

SCRAPS.

IN Chicago, the rock-ribbed aristocracy traces itself back to the great fire; while the low, middling aristocracy loses itself in the twilight of the last blackberry season.

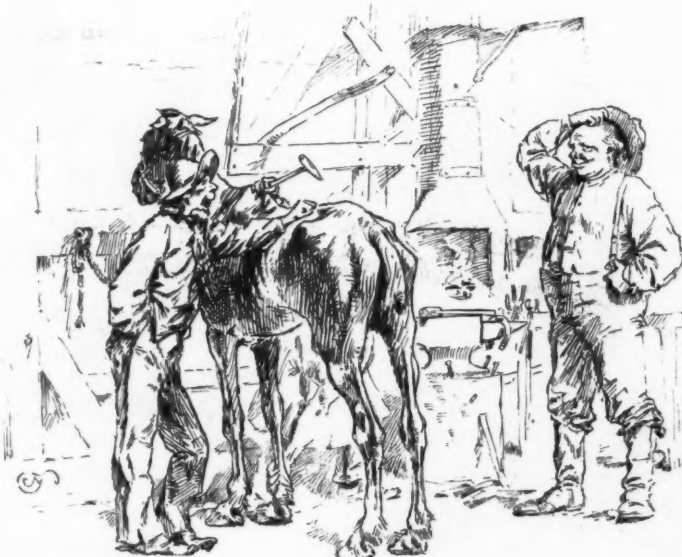
AN Illinois man who went fishing with Lincoln fifty years ago, threatens to sue the *Century Magazine* for not printing his picture.

THE wear and tear on contribution boxes is a very small item of church expense.

ACCORDING to an old superstition of the Mediæval Church, whenever a cock crows a lie is being told. The reason that cocks crow so persistently in the early morning hours is because the morning papers are being set up.

THOUGHT IT STRANGE.

WHEN Chumpley heard the result of the recent election in France, he said he couldn't see why in thunder they chose Sadi-Carnot when they had Sadi Martinot right there in Paris.



"WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR MY HORSE, DEACON?"

"WHY YOU'VE ONLY GOT THE FRAME UP, JOHN; WHEN HE'S DONE I'LL LOOK AT HIM."



MASCULINE MORALITY.

IN a certain large family, a tax has been established on bad words, and not unnecessarily, as this recent conversation therein demonstrates:

TOMMY (aged five, exclaiming while trying to tie his woolly dog's head on): O Lordy!

JIMMY (aged ten): Now, why do you do that, Tommy? Don't you know it costs you money? You'll have to pay for it.

TOMMY (with a complacent sense of manly honor): Well, d-n it, don't I always pay?

They think they will have to try another plan for the purification of the family vocabulary.—*Harper's Bazar*.

CHICAGO WINS.

OMAHA BOY: That isn't the only house we've got! We've got two others.

CHICAGO BOY: Pooh! We've got six houses besides the one we live in.

"Well, we've got two horses, too."

"We've got three, so there now!"

"I've got eight sisters. What do you think of that?"

"Well, I ain't got so many sisters; but I've got five papas."—*Ex*.

"Do you believe in luck, my good man?" asked a superstitious old lady of a tramp.

"I can't say that I do, mum," replied the tramp, "because I have never had any."—*Judge*.

AFTER contemplating the fine growth of whisker on the face of Marie S. Carnot, we cannot understand why the proprietor of the bearded-lady show should have neglected to secure Marie, even if it had to be done at enormous expense.—*Ex*.

HOTEL WAITER: You are late for lunch, sir.

EMINENT PHYSICIAN: Yes, I had to finish my magazine article on "The Laws of Health," so as to get it into the next mail. What have you to-day?

"Hot rolls, clams, plum-pudding, apple dumplings, mince-pie and fruit cake."

"Bring 'em all."—*Omaha World*.

MISS PRIME: Philosophers disagree as to which period of life seems the longest to mankind. What is your opinion, doctor?

DOCTOR (meditatively): Well, it varies. In women, for instance, the longest generally is between twenty-nine and thirty. I know in my wife's case ten years elapsed between her twenty-ninth and thirtieth birthday.—*Judge*.

"JOSEPH," said the merchant to the bright young man with the best of references, "the bookkeeper tells me you have lost the key of the safe, and he cannot get at his books."

"Yes, sir, one of them; you gave me two, you remember."

"Yes, I had duplicates made, in case of accident. And the other one?"

"Oh, six, I took good care of that. I was afraid I might lose one of them, you know."

"And is the other all right?"

"Yes, sir. I put it where there was no danger of its being lost. It is in the safe, sir."—*Boston Transcript*.



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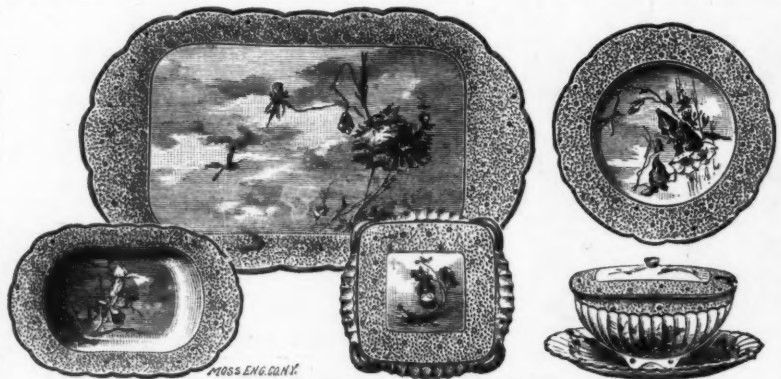
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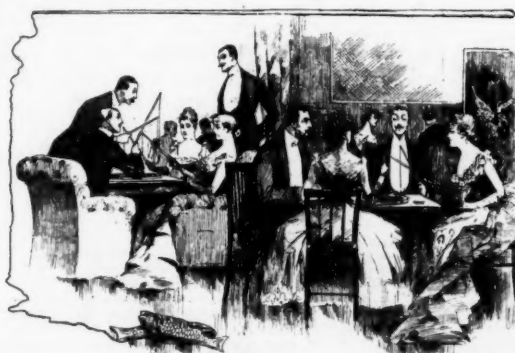
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hear you howling round so
much now about Anarchy,
Socialism, division of prop-
erty, and all of them mod-
ern inventions. What's
come over you? Didn't it
pay?"
"Vell, you see, Shorty,
the shircumstances vas
schanged a leetle. My
Onkle in Owstralia, he died
lasht veek unt I shust get
vord as he leefe me tree
tousan' dollar. You don't
peleefe I divite it mit deese
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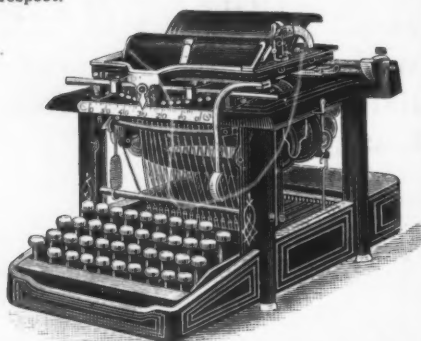
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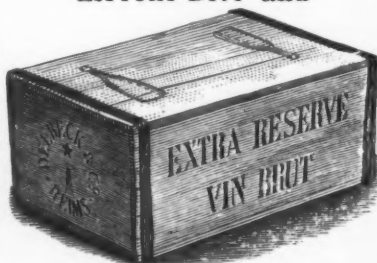
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